THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE WILD ROSE OF AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

The wild rose of Autumn bent silent and pale,
Where its sisters had bowed in the path of the gale;
Its bright hues were perished, its glories were gone,
With the last rose of Summer that sighed through the lawn.

And the stream struggled by with a wearisome flow,
All choked with red leaves the rude winds had laid low;
O'er the cold mossy pebbles it murmured along,
But the wild gush of joy was unheard in its song.

Over head the tall oak tossed his branches in pride,
And the scarce-rooted ivy climbed by his side;
But its branches were sear and the broad leaves around,
Scorched and withered lay strown on the desolate ground.

And the copse of the thick-spreading beech was all bare,
In bright green dissolved on the keen chilling air:
Not a voice woke to song its gray branches among,
And its bloom by the birds of the grove lay unsung.

But the evergreen bloomed as it bloomed in the hours,
When the sweet breath of Spring brought a balm to the bowers;
And it trailed on the banks, and its garlands it twined,
That thrilled in the blasts of the loud singing wind.

Upross the red sun o'er the wide rolling hills,
On the dim, bloomless woods and the half stiffed rills,
And it beams lit the turf where its sisters had stood,
And the dews trickled down from their lips to the flood.

"Alas!" sighed the rose, "for the hours that are fled,
And alas for my sisters that sleep with the dead!
That the days of my glory again might return,
And I o'er their grave cease to sorrow to mourn.

The dusky that sparkled, the lily that glowed,
And the stream in its soft shining beauty that flowed!
The night breeze that lingered, the wood-note that rung,
Are hushed, and each love-breathing harp is unstrung.

Each blossom that dazzled, each petal that shone—
Each leaf by the breeze of the valley o'erblown,
And each sweet soothing whisper that breathed in the grove,
Slumbers lifeless and still with the flowers of my love.

How diamond is the brightness, and faded the bloom!
And the music that thrilled hath been hushed in the tomb.
As the lily lasts dord, let me wither and die,
Let the last ray of beauty depart from the sky."

The winds carolled on on their prate through the vale,
And they came with a sigh and they passed with a wail.
They swept o'er the rose and it fell to the ground,
And they joined proudly on o'er the bare hills around.

And I strolled by the spot where the wild rose had died,
And the lily passed down on the bloom from its side
And the winds carolled on as they carolled before
But they breathed not a word of the bloom they had bore

Revolutionary Tales.

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Here comes the miserly Tory brother, said he—let me clear out before he is ushered in the room. As he said this the indignant old soldier hurried up stairs to his chamber to remain there until the expected visitor had taken his departure.

The door opened and Mr Venning made his appearance.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell. I am happy to see you. how do you make out these hard times? money is so scarce with me that I can hardly get enough to keep soul and body together. Awful times! sir, awful times! no business doing. I have tried very hard to get enough to pay you what I owe, and am sorry that I could get nothing better than Continental Money. Gold and silver are now a sight to rare—sair een, as the Scotch say. I have done my best, sir, and hope you will not object to taking it. There is but very little doubt that this currency will be good enough by and by, when all things are settled, and if you can afford to keep it you will realize a handsome profit as soon as Congress is able to redeem it. I have brought you fifteen thousand dollars in Continental Money and hope you will take this for the five hundred I owe you."

"I can't" sighed the rose, "for the hours that are fled,
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ern part of the city, and is contained in a very large square building, forming the four sides of an open court. We were admitted through tickets previously procured from the Armory Direction, and as there was already one large company inside, we were told to wait in the court till our turn came. Around the wall on the inside, is suspended the enormous chain which the Turks stretched across the Danube at Buda, in the year 1389, to obstruct the navigation. It has 3,000 links and is nearly a mile in length. The court was filled with cannons of all shapes and sizes, many of which had been conquered from other nations. I saw a great many cast during the French Revolution, with the words "*Liberté! Egalité!*" upon them, and a number of others bearing the simple letter "N." There were besides, some clumsy looking Polish cannon, and a piece taken from the Turks at Belgrade, which was twenty-four feet long, and threw a ball of 184 pounds.

Finally the first company came down and the forty or fifty persons who had collected during the interval, were admitted. The Armory runs entirely around the hollow square, and must be nearly a quarter of a mile in length. The sides and ceiling are entirely covered with weapons, so disposed as to form the most beautiful ornaments, and pillars and pyramids of muskets line each side. We were all taken into a circular hall, made entirely of weapons, to represent the four quarters of the globe. Here the old servant who admitted us, rapped with his stick on the shield of an old knight who stood near, to keep silence and then addressed us as "When I speak, every one must be silent. No one can write or draw any thing. No one shall touch any thing, or go to look at anything else, before I have done speaking. Otherwise, they shall be taken immediately into the street again!" And the ignorant fellow, who had a regular set of descriptions by heart, showed his authority by driving all the women with his stick to one side of every hall we passed through, and the men to the other, and scolding some time, before he could name the objects it contained.

The first wing contains banners used in the French Revolution, and liberty trees with the red cap; the armor of Rudolph of Hapsburg, Maximilian I., the Emperor Charles V., and the Hungarian King, Matthew Corvinus, and the hat, sword and order of Marshal Schwartzenberg. Some of the halls represented a fortification, with walls, ditches and embankments, all made of muskets and swords, and a long room in the second wing, contains an encampment, in which twelve or fifteen large tents are formed in like manner. The ornaments of the ceiling and walls are truly remarkable; in one place we saw the arms of Austria formed entirely of different weapons—the crown of hussar helmets, the wing of the eagle, of sabres, and the body and feet of lance-heads and daggers. Along the sides are grouped old Austrian banners, standards taken from the French, and horse-tails and flags captured from the Turks. They also showed us the armor of a dwarf king of Bohemia and Hungary, who died a gray-headed old man in his twentieth year; the sword of Marlborough; the coat of Gustavus Adolphus pierced in the breast and back with the bullet which killed him at Lutzen; the armor of the old Bohemian princess Libussa, and that of the amazon Wenska, with a steel visor made to fit the features of her face. But the last wing was the most remarkable. Here we saw the helm and breast-plate of Attila, king of the Huns, which had once glanced at the head of his myriads of wild hordes, before the walls of Rome; the armor of Count Stahremberg, who commanded Vienna during the Turkish siege in 1529, and the holy banner of Mahomet, taken at that time from the grand Vizier, together with the steel harness of John Sobieski of Poland who rescued Vienna from the Turkish troops under Kara Mustapha, and the hat, sword and breast-plate of Godfrey of Boulogne, the Crusader-king of Jerusalem, with the banners of the cross the Crusaders had borne to Palestine and the standard they had captured from the Turks on the walls of the Holy City! I left all my boyish enthusiasm for the romantic age of the Crusaders revive, as I looked on the torn and smoldering banners which had once waved on the hills of Judea, or perhaps followed the sword of the Lion Heart through the fight on the field of Ascalon! What visions could they not tell, these old standards, cut and hewed by spear and lance! What brave hands have carried them through the storm of battle, what dying eyes have looked upwards to the cross on their folds, as the last prayer was breathed for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre!

But I must now stop. This morning we will look upon Vienna for the last time. It is a noble city, and we leave it with regret, and the wish that it enjoyed the political freedom it deserves. Our citizens however, might still learn a lesson from it, for with far greater means of enjoyment they seem less happy and contented. Adieu! In two hours we shall be among the hills again. J. R. T.

Domestic Happiness.

CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE RAVELS "HAS BEEN TOLD" THAT CAUDLE HAS "TAKEN TO PLAY AT BILLIARDS."

"Oh, you're very late to-night dear. *It's not late?* Well then, it isn't that's all. Of course, a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday too: a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—and on Monday before that, short in that manner: I'm not going to say any thing—no, for I see it's now no use. Once I own it, it used to fret me when you staid out: but that's all over: you've now brought me to that state. Can die—and it's your own fault entirely—that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought I could be brought to think so little of you: but you've done it; you've been treating on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over: I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with.—I don't Caudle, as true as I'm in this bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife and not lie there like a log—all I want is this. Just tell me where you were on Tuesday. You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for any body belonging to me. And you were not at your Club no, I know that. And you were not at any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! I only wish I didn't know. No, you were not a any of these places; but I know well enough were you were. Then why do I ask, if I know? That's it, just to prove what a hypocrite you are: just to show you that you can't deceive me.

"So, Mr. Caudle—you've turned billiard-player sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough: you might as well play a thousand times for your's a low man, Caudle. Only once, indeed. I wonder if I was to say 'Only once,' what would you say to me? But, of course, a man can do no wrong in anything.

"And so you're a lord of the creation, Mr. Caudle, and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your own wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought much of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, Caudle!

"And you can go and do nothing but make canons—ay that's the gibberish they talk at billiards when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard-room—you, a respectable tradesman, of as good set you sell up for one, for if the world knew all, there's very little respectability in you—you can go and play billiards with a set of creatures in muttachios when you might take a nice quiet hand with me at home. But no! anything but cribbage with your own wife!

"Caudle, it's all over now: you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard room that he wasn't lost forever. There was my Uncle Wardle, a better man never broke the bread of life, he took to billiards and he didn't live with mine a month afterwards. *It broke Julius!* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife and family! But, to be sure, what can I expect. We shall not be together long now. It's been some time coming, but, at last, we must separate. And the wife I've been to you!

"But I know who it is; it's that fiend Pretyman. I will call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman, you'd no more have thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now it's no use Caudle, your telling me that you've only been once, and that you can't tell a ball anywhere—you'll soon get over all that: and then you'll never be at home. You'll be a marked man, Caudle, you marked: time'll be something about you that'll be dreadful: for if I couldn't tell a billiard player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. They all of em looks as yellow as parchment, and wear moustachios—I suppose you'll let yours grow, now though they'll be a good deal trouble to curle. I know that. Yes, they're all a yellow and oily look, just as all as if they were hot-counter to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, Caudle: in six months the dear children won't know their own father.

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The companions you'll find! The Captain that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you! I tell you, Caudle, a billiard-room's a place where rum of all sorts is made easy, I may say to the lowest understanding—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—don't tell me not to be eloquent! I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it isn't often, goodness knows!—that I am not insulted.

"No, I won't be quiet in this matter; I won't, Caudle; on any other I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter, I *will* speak. I know you can't play at billiards; and never could learn. I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And surely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that get every day into billiard-rooms to get their dinners, just as for pigs into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose,—and they'll eat you up, Caudle, I know they will.

"Billiard balls, indeed! Well, in my time, I've been over Westwich Arsenal—you were something like a man, then, for it was just before we were married—and there, I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of em, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before; but I choose to say it again—and there's not one of 'em, from as they are, that could do half the mischief a billiard-ball. That's a ball, Caudle, that's good clean through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball, that might and does you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play! When a man's once given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball, as he tempted Eve with an apple.

"I never shall think of being happy any more. No: that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will, better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green, indeed! It's red, crimson red, Caudle, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard-player, and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes Caudle, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1844.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are indebted to this office:

Of Samuel Edgerly, Akron, Summit county, Ohio
Of Solomon Beery, Black Swamp Ohio
Of David Richards, Joliet, Illinois.
Of J. L. Carothers, Thibodeauville, Louisiana.
Of L. Tonner, do. do.
Of Solomon D. Waynick, Manhattan, Indiana.
Of D. B. Farmer, Greenville, Alabama.
Of Joshua Morton, West Chester, Pa.
Of Crane & Bell, Almond, New York.
Of Rev. E. J. Selleck, Friendship, New York
Of Wm. T. Brown, Middletown, Maryland.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail and small notes of solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes this once formidable item, a comparatively unimportant one, and if subscribers will forward us good money in payment for the "Post," we shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the post age on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family Journal, and that those who desire a useful and agreeable five-sale companion, cannot do better than to send on their subscriptions. Every person wishing to do so, can enclose his subscription money in a letter, to our address, and where clubs are formed, one of their number can send the money with the necessary directions, in the same manner. Although Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post, when requested to do so—the postage, of course, to be paid either by us or by the parties at whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

All the world and his wife are now beginning to turn their thoughts to winter occupations and enjoyments, and not only here but every where we find people in high anticipation of what is termed in the vernacular, "a gay season." The business of the year has been highly prosperous with almost every profession and pursuit, and markedly unfortunate with few, if any, so that the average, if struck, would be highly satisfactory. Mutual forbearance and true charity must level the mountains and fill up the vallies of difference. The affluent must assist the needy, and the successful lend countenance to those who have not been so prosperous. Such will be the case, whether men aim at such a result or not. It is among the silent, and to the superficial observer, the unperceived operations of civilized conventionalism, that the strong are made to bear the burthens of the weak. In our state of mutual dependence this happens as naturally and certainly as the throng in a thoroughfare wears away the stones.

For extreme cases of suffering and poverty, remedies are provided in the provision by corporate and associated benevolence. It is a matter of regret in this provision that employment as well as relief for the poor is not more consulted. The *prevention* of *pauperism* is the true philosophy of relief, and the money which is annually expended in alms, if paid in part at least as wages, would effect a greater good than it can when disbursed as a purely eleemosynary gift. We have not space, nor, perhaps ability to follow this plan out to any detail, but respectfully submit the hint to those who have both leisure and means to be charitable. The reader is perchance wondering what connexion this treatise on political economy has to do with our remarks about the probability of a gay season." Let us try to make the application.

In a late letter of our valuable Bristol correspondent it was mentioned that somebody over sea, who has the reputation of being fashionable, and who deserves all the comfort that such a reputation can confer, (and more too) has set a particular mode which will be well if well followed. She never haggles about prices, or "beats down," as the phrase is, her employees. It is a capital example. We cannot find it in our hearts to imagine what pleasure a jewelled belle can feel in a habit, with the maker of which she haggled like a fish-woman over a string of cat-fish, or how she can look down, without a blush at a dress whose magnificence mocked the distress of the half and unpunctually paid seamstress. There is a shabby gentility about a cheapened dress which is not a whit less ridiculous than the grimaces of a Sandwich Island belle, proud of a gaudy neck ribbon, while the rest of her attire realises the truth of the proverb, "beauty unadorned." The royal purple could not confer nobility upon the ignoble; and no piles of dry goods can embellish the sordid spirit which measured every inch and disputed the price of every stitch. Away with such meanness, ladies. Shine if you please in all the lines of line—but not at the expense of the poor seamstress, or by benefit of the necessaries of the shopmen. Bargaining will do for those who make no show, and who, in fact take most trouble about cheapening. Buying only what they want, they have no need to strive to get it at less than cost. Those who desire superfluities should be willing to pay for them—and if not able they have no right to desire them.

If the rich spend for proper objects, and in the proper spirit, the more they spend, the better as it for the poor, and the less need is there for charity. But when a wealthy person, as many do, wrings from one poor industrious person, what she bestows in grudging charity upon another poor person, who is reduced by the stinginess of herself and others to penury, the charity of such giving is very questionable. Whatever merit there may be in it, is due, not to her who gives a mite out of her abundance, but to the suffering employees who are half starved, in order that their just earnings may swell the pride of ladies who like to figure as patronesses of soup societies, subscribers to public charities, and the "gratefully acknowledged" initials of cards in the newspapers.

As fashion is repulsed all powerful, we hope her majesty will vote this hollow hypocrisy and shallow pretence, and compel her subjects to be real before they are generous. When justice is done rightly observed, generosity will have less need of exercise, for the rendering to every one her due will diminish the suffering which exists only because the industrious are defrauded of their rights.

We have spoken thus chiefly to fashionable women, because fashionable men are not quite so much addicted to the small vice of haggling. They either pay the tailor—or let it alone! There is a sort of moral grandeur in doing a tailor out of his bill in a lump, which makes a fashionable male swindler as much above a female bargain maker as a highway man is above a pick-pocket. There are degrees of sublimity in all wrong doing, and if wrong must be done give us the wholesale and heroic, instead of the sneaking, nibbling, petty larceny of paying a poor work woman hardly enough to supply her with thread and needles. A special edict! Respect thine Poly! Don't much industry with niggardly doles out its sufficiency.

THE ALPACA.

We observe that ex-Governor Paine, of Vermont, is about to make the experiment of introducing the Alpaca into the State of Vermont. This is a speculation which we think may probably answer, ultimately, though in our country there is danger of over-doing all new things. Witness the merino fever, which ruined hundreds, and more recently the morus multicaulis, which shipwrecked thousands. But at the expense of the novices, the nation usually thrives. Wool is already a great staple, and silk will be also, one day or other.

The sheep of the Andes are divided into about five species, varying with their native places and haunts upon the mountains, and changing their nature of course by domestication, though not losing their native characteristics entirely. The four principal kinds are the *Llama*, or Auchenia, which furnishes the generic name, the *Guanaco*, *Vicuna*, and *Alpaca*. The Guanaco and Vicuna inhabit best 13,000 to 14,000 feet above the sea, and the native tract of the other two varieties is below the belt of snow, about eight to twelve thousand feet above. The wild varieties, except the Alpaca, have only a short fleece, coarse, and some of them, like the fur of the weil or the beaver, a coat of wool under coarse hair. The name and characteristics of the sure footed Llama, his long neck, and value as a beast of burthen, are familiar to all readers, from the school boy, up.

The Alpaca, similar in form and habits to the head of the family, differs from the others in having a thick, warm, and very fine fleece, from six to twelve inches long. The color of the wild animal is oftener a light brown than any other, while the domestic ones are of all hues, generally however, white, black, or parti-colored. The black alpaca wool, undyed, is as brilliant and permanent as jet. One peculiarity of the Alpaca is, that, unlike the ordinary sheep, he never perspires, and the wool being thus naturally free from grease, the sheep does not require washing before shearing. Nor is it necessary, in any weather, to smear his coat with tar or grease, to protect him, and thus to render his wool unfit for light colors. He will live and thrive, without fold or manger in a temperature so cold that the shepherd is glad to keep himself from freezing with a fire. In the severest winter this sheep needs no extra care, and, as to food, he would live where other sheep would starve.

The vicuna wool is generally light red, or brown, and coarse, and is distinguished as red wool in the custom house returns. The alpaca is worth, when made into yarn, from $1,50 to $3,50 per pound, and even more according to its quality. There can be next to no doubt of the fact, that this sheep will thrive in the mountainous parts of the Northern States; and the experiment is amply worth trying, if not pushed with the mad folly of speculation. The flesh of the fawn is spoken of as good; but the Peruvians have less care for the animal as food, than for its other properties. It can hardly be expected that so hardy an animal will furnish very juicy mutton; but the Yankees, when once they begin to find out the Alpaca's properties, will soon let us know every thing that he is good for. We say, success to ex Governor Paine in his experiment. There is one thing to be hoped from it. That is, that we may find out what the real alpaca wool is, and what it is like. Some stuff that purports to be alpaca, particularly hosiery, is not particularly desirable; but the better alpaca fabrics are at once warm, durable, silk-like and handsome.

A HOMILY.

We have seen no better practical sermon, in many a day, than is contained in the following extracts from the Thanksgiving Proclamation of the Governor of New Hampshire. The temperance hint at the close is very delicately put, and the advice to active benevolence is well-timed, and universally applicable.

Once more the season of the year approaches when the plentiful fruits of the earth will be gathered, and all, I trust, will be prepared to join in a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

Although plenty is the fortune of most, yet there are amongst us those who are in want, and have not wherewithal to contribute them to join, with cheerful hearts, in the joys and festivities of a Thanksgiving Day.

For those who have plenty, to say to the needy "be ye warm, or be ye clothed," without attempting to relieve their wants, will ill-qualify them for a day of Thanksgiving.

We may indeed assemble in our churches, and there profess to offer up our praise and thanksgiving to the Ruler of the Universe, and yet be destitute of those self-approving feelings which can only be inspired by a conscious discharge of our duties, and which alone can enable us to enjoy a day of thanksgiving. See to it, then, and not suffer your less fortunate neighbors to want for those necessaries which would enable them to join heartily in the joys, as well as the solemnities of a Thanksgiving Day.

That you may all be put to trial, and with the sincere hope that none will be found wanting, I do, by and with the advice of the Council, appoint Thursday, the 27th day of November next, to be observed throughout this State, as a day of Thanksgiving and Praise.

And when the hour arrives for the public services of the day, may we all be found with hearts glowing with gratitude towards our benificent Creator and Preserver, and willing, cheerfully to unite in offering up our thanksgiving and praise to our allwise Creator, for the many and unexampled blessings which He has seen fit to bestow upon us and our beloved country. Let each one strive to excel his neighbor, not in boasting of the perfection of our political, social or religious instructions, but in striving to improve and perpetuate those blessings; always remembering that most, if not all, of our earthly privileges and enjoyments, as well as our final happiness, depend mainly on our own exertions. To improve, or even to preserve the privileges and blessing we have, we must cheerfully submit to others the rights we claim for ourselves. It is not he who saith, "Lord! Lord!" but he that doeth His will, that is promised a reward.

And at eve, when the solemnities of the day are over, and we are assembled around the festive board, whether it be that of our fathers, friends or our own, let "joy and gladness" close the day—always remembering that we are accountable beings, to whom the choicest of earthly blessings has been granted in that it depends upon ourselves whether we properly use, or foolishly abuse, those things which were made for our use.

We observe that the festival will be celebrated in ten States and one city this year, and, every where, we hope, in the spirit that Gov. Steele recommends. In Charleston, South Carolina, the 6th instant was the day appointed. In Kentucky and Ohio the 20th November is appointed, in Maryland the 21st; in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, the 27th; and in Vermont and Maine, December 4th. Perhaps more States may yet come in. It would be a consummation highly desirable if over the whole Union the festival—a purely American one, were observed.

RAILROADS.

A new paper has been established in New York called the "Banker's Circular." One of the editors is Edwin Williams, well known as one of best preparers of statistics in the United States. We get from this paper the following account of the railroads of this country. The whole number of roads is 107, of which one is in Maine, one in New Hampshire, fifteen in Massachusetts, four in Connecticut, one in Rhode Island nineteen in New York, one in New Jersey, twenty in Pennsylvania, one in Delaware, four in Maryland, seven in Virginia, two in North Carolina, two in South Carolina, four in Georgia, three in Florida, one in Alabama, four in Mississippi, one in Kentucky, four in Ohio, one in Indiana, and three in Michigan. The whole number of miles of roads is 4,624—the longest in the Central, in Georgia, which is 190 miles. The Reading road in Pennsylvania, cost more than any other, viz $9,457,470. The Baltimore and Ohio road cost $7,643,609; the Western, in this State, $6,186,202. The number of miles of road in New England, is 835, costing $30,048,686. The whole cost of all the roads is $104,187,367. Massachusetts has 456 miles of road, which cost $20,384,205. The number miles of Railroad in England, 1,762; cost £68,144,961; in Ireland, 87 miles, costing £1,296,666. Besides this, there are in progress in England, 376 miles, which will cost £10,350,000; in Ireland, 164 miles, which will cost £1,733,300.

HONEY IN A FLUE.

The St. Louis American tells a curious bee story. A lady in that city rented a house a few weeks since and shortly after she moved into it, she saw honey bees crawling about the floor. At length she found that they came down the chimney. After having made a fire, a humming noise was heard in a flue which ran parallel with the one from her room, the fire-place of which is below. They examined the top of the chimney, and to their utter astonishment found the flue filled with honey to within a few inches of the top of the chimney. From the sound of the bees below, the honey must extend to the depth of twenty feet. Whenever the family wish to enjoy a delicious repast, they have only to send up to the chimney—blow a little tobacco smoke in the flue, which drives the bees below, and with a knife cut off as much honey-comb as they wish, and that of the purest kind. The flue of the chimney in which the honey is, extends to the basement and has never been used.

A LOVE STORY.

We are not in the habit of putting love stories in the inside of the paper; but the parties in the following, related by Miss Beecher, behaved so much like sensible people that they are really worth honorable mention, and "a first rate notice." We do think, however, that Anna was much the best of the two girls. If there were usually so much sense and wisdom to be found among women, there would be infinitely less jealousy, blackening and heart-burning in the world. As to the lover, he was a regular donkey, between two stacks of hay, and the fewer such animals there are, the better. All the women will endorse this opinion, we are sure. He had no business to be loving two women at once.

A young farmer loved, at the same time, two young women, and, though strange enough, loved both with the same affection, and they both of them warmly returned his passion. But one of them showed for him an almost boundless devotion, and perhaps this might be the cause that at once, with more determined sentiment, he turned towards the other; but she answered him.—"I will not be married amid the sighs of any unhappy one, and it is your duty to wed Kirstin. To me thou wilt ever remain dear, but now we must part."

What a field would there have been for the French romantic! What agony, ravings, explosions, and explications without end! Here had been sacrifices and poisonings, and at last three corpses. But how simply did the genius of the Dal people resolve this knotty point! The young man obeyed the exhortations of the serious damsel, obeyed that of duty; he married Kirstin; and, as they were both truly good and excellent people, they were happy together.

They had lived happily together for four years, and had three children, when the wife died. But as she lay on her death-bed she said to her husband, "I would ask one thing of thee, and that is, that thou, after my death, will marry Anna, who was once, and is still, dear to thee, and that thou makest no other the mother of my children."

The husband mourned sincerely the loss of his wife; but, when the customary period of mourning had expired, it was not difficult for him to endeavor to fulfil her last prayer. He went to the still unmarried, the still beloved Anna, and told her the wish of his wife; and his own.

"Thou art still as dear to me as formerly," said she, "and willingly would I be thy wife, but I fear for thy children. I fear that I could not be to them such a mother, that I could not answer it to my conscience and to the dead, and that would make you dissatisfied with me."

And by that reply Anna stood fast, stood fast spite of all arguments of love and reason that were employed to move her. Quite distracted came the young man, one day, to me, and implored my counsel, and begged me to talk with the girl, and to endeavor to persuade her to become his wife.

To seek to persuade her I cannot promise thee, I said, "for in so solemn an affair a woman should make a resolve in freedom; but speak to her I will, and tell her what I think, and advise in the matter."

I sent for the young woman, talked with her of her future duties, and succeeded in pacifying her all too sensitive conscience. Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of uniting the two lovers. A few years afterwards I came on a journey into the district where they resided. It was a dark autumn evening, and cold and dull without; but when I entered their room, the fire blazed cheerily, and in its light on the floor played four children, full of pleasure. Husband and wife arose to meet the enterer, but when they recognized me again they became deeply moved and began to weep.

"Ask her, ask her, said the husband, and pointed to the wife, "whether she be not satisfied with me! But I did not ask her—I saw warm and happy tears already speaking.

FALLS OF ST. MARY.

The Falls of St. Mary, *Sault de St. Marie*, and their surroundings are described as below in the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald. The description embraces history, statistics and romance, more perfectly blended, and with less waste of words than one often meets.

The Falls of St. Mary, or the "Soo," as here called, are about eight hours of steam sailing from Mackinaw, and a steamer runs regularly between the places.

It is now *two hundred and four years since Raymbault first saw the Falls of St. Mary.* In a birchbark canoe he led the first expedition *West*—he passed over "the beautifully clear waters, and between the thickly clustering archipelagoes of Lake Huron," and ascending the river, reached the rapids at the foot of Lake Superior. October 4, 1641. He found here two thousand Indians.

In 1665 *Father Claude Allouez* reached the "Soo." He admired the beautiful river, with its woody isles and inviting bays—and informs us that the "wavaworshipped Lake Superior as a Divinity. He sailed along the great lake, passed the "pictured rocks," built a chapel, and we are told "the Indians, who never before had seen a white man, came to gaze upon him, and on his picture of his God and the last judgment," and he taught them to chaunt the *pater* and the *ave*.

In 1671, a Congress of the *nations* assembled here—it was a mixed singular and extraordinary Congress of native Americans and brilliantly clad officers from the veteran armies of France. On this spot, *one hundred and seventy-four years ago*, were congregated the envoy of the wild cantons from the head springs of the St Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Red River, and formally acknowledged themselves under the protection of the French king. The imposing ceremony in those beautifully descriptive days was duly chronicled, and the groves of maple and pine, of hemlock that are strangely intermingled on the beautiful banks of the St. Mary, where the bounding river lashes its waters into snowy whiteness, as they hurry past the dark evergreen of the tufted islands in the channel," the zealous missionaries and steel clad soldiery, bowed before the cross, and chanted to its glory,

"The banners of Heaven's King advance,
The mystery of the cross shines forth."

As early as 1688, the "Soo" was a place of great and favorite resort by the traders and voyageurs on their way to Mackinaw from Lake Superior.

At this present time this sacred Congress ground of the Aborigines, has a fort, a fur trading establishment, a small cluster of dwellings, and a mixed population of French, English and half breeds—in all, not exceeding one half the number of native American found here two hundred years ago.

As Mackinaw was the head-quarters, and the "Soo" a favorite stopping place for the fur traders, a century ago, as now in 1845, is the "Isle of Beauty" the rendezvous, and St. Mary's the resting place of multitudes of eager, enterprising, and scientific adventurers.

BRUTAL.

One of the unfortunate circumstances necessarily, it would seem, connected with the administration of human laws, is the mixing up of the comparatively, and even of the positively innocent with the guilty and vile. The New York Mirror relates a case which makes an honest man's fingers itch to get the prosecutor by the throat. A person, called by courtesy a man, complained of a very good looking female, of very respectable appearance, the mother of an interesting little child, which she carried in her arms, for the enormous and monstrous crime of stealing two old cotton shirts, of the value of ten cents. The evidence was not positive—the accused had never before been suspected of any thing—protested her innocence, but was unable to prove a negative. The case was deemed sufficiently strong, in the opinion of the justice, to commit her for trial, and she was accordingly incarcerated. The next morning she was placed upon the prisoner's bench, in the Court of Sessions, surrounded by the very vile of the vile, whose very proximity was pollution. Her eyes were red and blood-shot from weeping, and she looked the perfect picture of misery and despair, presenting a sad contrast to the smiling countenance of the infant in her arms. The complainant did not appear, and after sitting for some time in court, Alderman Stoneall discharged her.

It is a very great pity that the name of such a man is withheld. It is not to be supposed that public contempt could make any impression on such a miscreant, or that he could feel any thing less tangible than a kick—but still it would be a matter of public convenience and safety, to know such a brute in order to avoid him.

COLLEGE RIOT.

Cambridge, Mass., has been disturbed by something very like a college riot. It was occasioned by the dismissal of a member of the Senior class who would not expose his companions in a frolic. It is said that he was borne off in an open barouche, with four white horses, and attended by four outriders, who were members of his class.

With all due deference for the Faculty, we must acknowledge that we feel much more sympathy with the culprit than with the government. If the young man had betrayed his companions, it would have indicated an habitual sneaking disposition for poltroonery, which would have stamped him a person to be avoided by all honorable men; or it might have been at the best apologized for as an instance of cowardice produced by circumstances. In either case it would have been a source of annoyance to him all his days, which all the honors Harvard can confer, would not have alleviated. It is time that people, who have the charge of education, should know better than to insist on a young man's disgracing himself by treachery. Such education is better escaped than obtained.

A PRIZE.

The Boston Evening Gazette has this announcement. "Picked up this, Saturday morning, near the head of School street, a small tin box, containing a *Lump of Blushes*, and a small piece of cotton for laying them on. The fair owner, no doubt, feels anxious as to their wherealbout, and would be happy to have them returned, which shall be done as soon as her name becomes known." The writer ought forthwith to put one of the blushes on his own face—the monster—to write such a paragraph.

SELF-DESTRUCTION.

A case of suicide illustrative of all cases, is reported in the foreign papers. Two peasants brought an action against a young girl to whom their father had left his property. They were cast in their suit and condemned to pay the costs. One of them, withdrew in great distress of mind, awaiting the lawyer's bill. It came, and he read in it that he owed 1,256f. Being unable to pay the sum he went and hanged himself. He did this under the influence of melancholy, for the amount of the bill was not 1,256f., but, 12f. 56c.

It may be said that it is over then. People who rush upon the terrible alternative of self-destruction to escape a fancied or anticipated calamity, invariably overestimate the evil from which they would fly. No earthly misfortune, shame, contempt, or obloquy, can by any possibility bear comparison with the deed of self-murder. Shame is never escaped by it; and often, as in the case of the poor peasant, the fatal deed brings out the revelation of the fact, that the deceased has, under the influence of a morbid imagination, created distress or circumstances which did not exist.

D. O. JOHNSON.

We are grateful to learn, as we do from the Boston Evening Gazette, that the Massachusetts Mechanic Association have appointed D. C. Johnson, Esq., Teacher of Drawing. Mr. Johnson is well remembered in this city, of which he is a native, and a long residence in Boston has secured him as much respect in private life, as he has reputation as an artist. True wit in writing is nearly allied to the pathetic; so in drawing; although Mr. J. is principally known as a witty designer, he has a fine taste for the beautiful and graceful. Art with him has none of the bald mechanism which reduces fancy to straight rules, and cripples imagination in rectelinear diagrams. He is a gentleman and a well read belles letters scholar. We congratulate the pupils of the Boston Association on the choice that has been made, and we wish that, in every city, schools of design could be established for the benefit of our rising mechanics. The advantage would soon be apparent in the improved and graceful style of our public and private edifices, and in every thing which they contain, and by which they are surrounded.

MORE OF MR. MILLER.

We are sorry to see it stated that Mr. Miller of pseudo-prophetic notoriety, has commenced again his dangerous and mischievous course. He is lecturing in Burlington (Vermont) on the prophecies, and now places the end of the world in 1847. This gives him two years scope and leisure to blow up an excitement. We can only hope that new victims to his delusion will not be found, and that the old ones, once deceived, will not rush again into the like snare.

But we acknowledge that we have our fears. Men and women have such an alacrity for falling into fanatical fits, and such an earnest curiosity to read beyond what is written, and to discover what is not revealed, that they will credit any marvel which may be presented to them. The more extravagant a new light is, the more sure are gazers to be dazzled with it. It may therefore be predicted without any of the danger of non-fulfilment which attends Mr. Miller's prophecies, that he will find abundance and entirely ignorant of the cause or author of this vile imposition. The only excuse for such a being is to suppose him, as he undoubtedly is, incapable of natural affection, and therefore unaware of the misery he caused.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Baths for the Poor—Shipping and Commerce—Whale Fisheries—Sisters of Charity—Railways—Steam Engines and Boats—Grain and Flour Banks—Another Lucky Coburg—Freemasons in Germany—A Life Sacrificed for a Penny.

Bristol, England, October 11, 1845.

I am happy to inform you that the erection of Libraries, and the construction of Parks, Public Baths and Wash-houses for the laboring classes, are likely to be attended with the best effects. Those which have been already completed, are much used and much admired, and they are enjoyed without money and without price by the parties for whom they are intended. It is unnecessary to describe the Libraries and Parks, some of which have been endowed with munificent subscriptions. But I cannot deny myself the pleasure of informing you that the Baths are, in some instances, really handsome structures, and doubtless many will be built, worthy of comparison with the Baths of Ancient Rome. For example,—the Baths just opened in the Hampstead Road, London, occupy seven thousand square feet, and the grand reservoir is supplied with the purest water from the New River. Besides the public baths, there are thirty private baths, ten of which are for females. There are also five vapor baths and two large plunging *ditto*, while there are no fewer than sixty-four washing compartments. There are also several hot baths—for each of which one penny is charged. Besides these, as steam is employed throughout the establishment, drying rooms and ironing apparatus are provided, at the rate of one penny for every three hours that they are used. Of a surety, such charities as these are millenial in their character, and will well for the improved and improving spirit of the age. But I suppose you have plenty of all such things in America.

Several statistical reports have appeared of the increase of national wealth from some of which I compile the following

	Tons
Shipping in 1809,	2,648,507
do. in 1844,	3,386,879
	lbs.
Cotton used in 1820,	151,000,000
do. in 1844,	700,000,000
Wool used in 1809,	60,000,000
do. in 1844,	1,000,000,000
Exports in 1840—(declared value)	£35,936,000
do. in 1844,	58,584,500
Imports in 1820,	31,484,000
do. in 1844,	75,441,555

The Parliamentary statement of the Whale Fisheries has just been published, by which it appears, that during the last three years there were ninety-two vessels employed, of 27,000 tons, and carrying 15,000 men and boys. Now this is a falling off from former times, chiefly owing to the introduction of gas. But our head of "Whale Fisheries" I must not enlarge, for although I am not fond of admitting superiority; yet I am bound to confess, that you Yankees, in the extent of the Whale Fisheries, beat us, as Sam Slick would say—"into a cocked hat."

I have numerous items of chit-chat before me, and will proceed to dispose of them as quickly as possible. A society of religious females has been formed in London, called the Protestant Sisters of Charity, connected with the Established Church. They are ladies who go about doing good. The religious publications speak very highly of their benevolent efforts, and the Oxford and Cambridge Review expresses a hope that they will soon be established in every town in the Kingdom. Such is the railway fever in France, that only last week 2,368,000 francs were drawn out of the Savings Bank in Paris, chiefly to be invested in railway shares, while only 200,000 francs were deposited. The Lord of the Admiralty have resolved to carry out a line of steamers from India to the Western Coast of America, which will complete a regular and complete circuit of the globe by English Government and Post Office steamers. An immense steam engine has been constructed for Holland, with the object of draining the vast Lake of Haarlem, which was formerly caused by an irruption of the sea. No fewer than nine railway newspapers have been started in this country, and are now in full operation. Miss Cushman, the celebrated American actress, has been gathering laurels at Manchester, where she is a great favorite. Mr. Symington, a well-known watchmaker, has invented a clock, the motive power of which is the dropping of water—so that instead of winding up your clock, you merely fill a little cistern at the top with the element. Another, and a great invention, is the "iron-slave," which is a new machine that will perform all kinds of agricultural labor, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, &c., while it will also dig canals, roads and tunnels. One Richard Nightingale has just been discharged from the Royal Marines with a pension, after a service of fifty-five years. He was the oldest soldier in that branch of the service. A new railroad is projected from Newcastle to London, about three hundred miles, to be used solely for the purpose of conveying coal to the metropolis. It is anticipated as a very profitable speculation. About one hundred railways have been sanctioned by Parliament, of which the following are the statistics:

Capital,	£40,000,000
Estimated Yearly Revenue,	4,000,000
Estimated Profits,	2,000,000

SOUTH AMERICA.

Dates are from Lima to the 7th of September, via Panama. The Peruvian Congress was still in session there. That body has recently had up for discussion the subject for American claims. The Congress confirmed the convention concluded in 1844, liquidating these claims

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HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR—I have this day received from *John Malory*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

STANDARD PRAYER. *D Appleton & Co* of New York, and *G. S. Appleton* of this city, have published five editions of the Common Prayer—no rather five sizes, which, with different papers, binding, &c., give some twenty varieties of the book, from the most gorgeous and elaborate to the most plain and unpretending, but all with clear, new, and beautifully legible type. Thus every variety of taste, and every capacity of purse is consulted. The book is printed from the standard established by the Convention, and the proofs were read by one of the Presbyters appointed by the House of Bishops. As the season for presents approaches Appletons' editions of this work should be borne in remembrance.

THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATIONS OF A MOUSE, which is not exactly an autobiography, would seem at least to have been written under mousy's direction and dictation, is the last book in the way of memoirs that we have seen. It is published by *G. S. Appleton*, in a style exceedingly beautiful, and illustrated by Croome, in his happiest manner. The lessons which it inculcates, of kindness to animals, and good behaviour generally, are delivered in a mode which the little folks for whom it is addressed will enjoy, and we trust profit by. As a whole, it is one of the best children's books of the season—a capital little affair.

MUSIC. *Fiverett & Co* have just published in their neat and cheap style an arm full of music, embracing popular songs by Haynes Bailey and G. F. Morris, and selections from Fry's Leonora, the Somnambule, the Postilion, Fra Diavolo, and some of Templeton's favorites. Really the ladies are under deep obligations to this house for its enterprise.

MEDICAL EXAMINER.—The November number of Dr. Hosack's Medical Examiner, he's been issued by the publishers, Messrs. *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and contains, as usual, much matter of an interesting and useful character to the members of the medical profession.

GILBERT GURNEY. *Carey & Hart* have re-published, in a cheap form, Theodore Hook's novel Gilbert Gurney. It is a very amusing book, and its incidents have furnished the plots of several novels.

ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY.—Messrs. Grigg & Elliot have published in a neat and convenient form, 1st Rudimentary Book of "Elements of Geology," prepared for the use of Schools and Colleges.

MARY ERLE. LOVE. This is a translation from the German of Fouque, with whose style and stories all readers of German romance are familiar. *Fiverett & Co.*

SIEGES OF WATERLOO. W. H. Maxwell is a good and lively writer of campaign narratives, and this collection seems to be a various one. *Fiverett & Co.*

GROVES OF BLARNEY is the title of a clever Irish story by Mrs. Hall, just published by *Fiverett & Co.* The Irish tales by this lady are justly popular.

OYSTERS.

As in these days of railroads and other steam conveyances every body eats oysters, the following paragraphs descriptive of the Jersey "oyster region" may not be uninteresting. The oyster beds are in the neighborhood of Little Egg Harbor, Burlington county, and are indebted to the Burlington Gazette for the extract.

At Tuckerton we found the people all alive on the subject of oystering. It was the first week in October, and the period on which the catching of oysters is prohibited by law had just expired. We rode down some six miles from Tuckerton, to witness the jubilee. The road winds over vast meadows which are occasionally flooded by the ocean, the whole presenting a dead level, for thousands of acres, exactly resembling a western prairie. A carriage track is formed over the spongy and trembling surface of these salt meadows, by logs, gravel and dirt, but in many places it was in a deplorable condition. Arriving at a farm house built on a tract of land embracing many acres, we left our carriage and walked near a mile over a very sloshy road, before we came to the shores of Tuckerton bay.

Here the oyster beds are found extending several miles in every direction. The bay was crowded with sloops and sch. scours from many of the eastern cities all taking in cargoes of oysters, some of them large enough to store five thousand bushels. An empty basket run up the mast head, was the signal that oysters were wanted. About four hundred persons, men and boys, were at or in small boats, bringing up from the shallow bottom of the bay, myriads of this favorite shell fish. These grabblers, as they are called, were collected from various parts of the State though the majority of them reside in and near Tuckerton. The oyster beds belong to the State and various laws are in force to preserve them from the total destruction to which human cupidity would soon consign them. One of these is that none but Jerseymen shall fish in them; another that they shall be fished only at certain seasons; a third, that tongs of a certain size shall be used. The last clause was enacted in consequence of a vessel from down east undertaking to fish the beds with a grab invented by an ingenious Yankee, which would rake up the oysters from ten acres of ground on a single day. This contrivance of Jonathan, if adopted by others, as it would have been, threatened the speedy destruction of the whole bed, so to preserve the supply, the size of the grabs are limited by law, and the beds now suffer no injury, notwithstanding many thousand bushels are carried off every week during six months of the year. The exact increase of the oysters may be estimated from this single statement.

You discover indications of the oyster, when within fifty feet of the water's edge. But when you reach the water itself, every thing looks and tastes and smells of oysters. The very stones are encrusted with them, piled one upon another in strange confusion; and at only ten feet from land you may rake your arms or tongs, and draw up whole cargoes. There seems no end to the abundance of them. Then there are crabs of various kinds sporting about in the shallow water active as eels in search of prey, and putting out feelers for some unlucky young oyster who may have imprudently opened his shell wide enough for him to thrust in a claw, a sort of tong, which effectually disengages the oyster from its shell, and transfers it to the stomach of the crab.

The men employed in catching oysters find it a very profitable business. As it is dead monopoly for Jerseymen, they realize from four to six dollars each for every day's labor. Even boys pocket their three and four dollars for a day's work. They sell the oysters at three shillings the bushel, and being all handed together to keep up prices, there is no variation. This also has the effect of causing the laws to be enforced for preserving the beds. The state of morals among such a class is of course not the most reputable. At the fishing ground we saw the most infamous grog shop, kept without a license, which could be found in seven cities; and while there about two hours, heard more profane language than during the last five years. Nothing but the most debased condition of society could tolerate so infernal a den. The story in the neighborhood is that several barrels of gin are retailed there every week. Yet upon the porch of this deplorable hole, our party enjoyed the luxury of eating oysters not an hour out of the water, and without stint—fine, large, fat fellows, whose capacious rotundity even now rises up in liquid pursuance up on our memory.

Personal News.

A VETERAN.

The Salem Register announces the death, in Danvers, of Gen. Gideon Foster, aged 96 years and 8 months. In recording the death of this venerable and good old man, it is a duty due to his memory, briefly to notice the events of his life for which he has been distinguished. At the commencement of the Revolution, he was among the most active in resistance of the arbitrary power then attempted to be exercised, and was appointed captain of a company of minute men in Danvers. On the day of the battle of Lexington, he was found at the head of his company, in close conflict with the enemy at West Cambridge, where several of his men were killed. Afterwards he was in the battle at Bunker Hill. He was one of the foremost of the many patriots of Danvers, in all their movements in support of liberty. He rose to the rank of Major General in Essex county, and was esteemed a superior officer. He served in various offices in the State, and for several years was a representative in the Legislature. In whatever he was engaged, he was ever distinguished for his fidelity and integrity.

☞ The wealthiest Planter in one of the counties in Tennessee, bordering upon Mississippi, as a class leader in the Methodist Church, as is distinguished for his piety and benevolence. A Mississippi correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says, "Others I met with, and have known intimately, having some fifty or an hundred servants, who made religion the first and main matter of importance—not in theory alone and abstractedly, but in fact and practice. The disposition of men partakes of the nature of the climate: they are warm in whatever they undertake. If they are wicked, they are decidedly and energetically so, and if they are Christians, they are warm and lively Christians.

☞ The West Chester Village Record says—Jessie Kersey, long known as a Minister of the Friends' Society, has passed from this stage of action, at an advanced age. He died on the night of the 20th ult. For many years he has been physically, very infirm, and rarely has appeared in public; but in the prime of life, he was one of the most powerful and eloquent speakers of the day. His fame has spread both sides of the Atlantic—and in England, as elsewhere, he was followed by crowds who were charmed with the eloquence of his tongue and simplicity of his manners. He died at the residence of George Martin, in East Marlborough.

☞ Richard Stockton Boudinot died on Sunday morning, at Princeton, N. J. It will be recollected that the deceased, who was a member of the Junior Class of Princeton College, was shot in the head by an accidental discharge of his own gun, while on a shooting excursion on the 20th of September. The wound involved the brain, which, before his death, became so diseased that a great part of it had disappeared, and it has been a matter of surprise that he continued to live, and more especially that he appeared to be conscious of what passed around him, though not able to speak.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—William Monroe, Register of the Land Office for the district of lands subject to the sale at Clinton, Mo. vice William Patterson, deceased.

Thomas Hartley Crawford, as Judge of the Criminal Court for the District of Columbia, in the place of James Dunlap, resigned.

William Meriill, of Ohio, as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in the place of Thomas Hartley Crawford, resigned.

Robert J. Loughead, of Pennsylvania, as consul of the United States for the port of Londonderry, in Ireland, in the place of James McDowell, declined.

☞ Dr Beasly expired at his family residence, in Elizabethtown N J., on Saturday afternoon last, aged 58 years, leaving a large family circle to mourn his loss and cherish the memory of his virtues and example. A distinguished Episcopalian, he was also extensively known at home and abroad by his various contributions to moral and metaphysical science. Dr B was formerly Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

FLORIDA.—The result of the election for Representatives in Congress, lately held in the new State of Florida, has been involved in great uncertainty, until within a few days. Intelligence has finally been received that M. Brockenbrough, the Democratic candidate has been chosen by a small majority over his competitor, Mr. Cabell.

☞ It is stated on a Brooklyn, N. Y paper that a wealthy individual, some time since a resident of that city, has recently deceased in New Orleans, and left an immense fortune to be divided as follows—$500,000 to the Baptist Bible Society, and $100,000 in equal shares to two sisters, who are at present at service in Brooklyn.

☞ Erastus Brooks, Esq., has retired from the New York Express, having sold his interest in that establishment to James Brooks, Esq., by whom, in connection with Mr. W. B. Townsend, the Express will hereafter be published. Mr. E. Brooks continues his Washington correspondence, as usual, this winter.

☞ The British Government has presented to our townsman, Professor Espy, through our late Minister, Mr. Everett, a copy of a valuable work containing meteorological observations, made at various places, by order of the English Government. This is a gratifying testimony to his reputation.

☞ Mr. Launitz, a sculptor of New York, has just completed a model for a bust of Dr. Milnor which is said by the editor of the Courier to be as true to life as it is possible to be. It is intended to surmount a n. monument now in course of erection for the congregation of St. George's Church.

☞ The Massachusetts Humane Society have presented a beautiful silver cup, with an appropriate inscription, to Miss Geraldine Takes, for perilling her own life and saving the lives of her mother and aunt from drowning some months since, while bathing at Plum Island.

☞ A Mrs. North, of Lowell, had a tumor or cancer cut from her breast on Tuesday week, while in a mesmeric state. The operation lasted fifteen minutes. She felt a little pain and had a sort of dreamy, indistinct notion all the while that the operation was going on!

☞ Leopold Herwig, a well known and highly skilful violinist, died suddenly in Boston, on Saturday evening week, after having fulfilled his duties in the orchestra at the Concert of the Philarmonic Society. The disease was an affection of the heart

☞ The venerable Dr. Pierce, of Brookline, on being asked on Commencement Day at Harvard, how many rainy Commencements there had been within his memory, promptly replied, *five, in sixty-one years.* So much for an old man's memory.

☞ The Allegheny Methodist Conference lately required, "that no minister shall be admitted into the conference who uses tobacco in any of its forms except as a medicine, and in that case satisfactory evidence shall be given."

TENNESSEE.—The Hon. Hopkins L. Turney was elected by the Legislature of Tennessee, on the 24th ult., to represent that State in the Senate of the United States, for six years from the fourth of March.

☞ Daniel H. Davis of Cohocktan, Steuben Co. N. Y. left home about three weeks ago, and has not been heard from since. It is said that he had some $15,000 or $18,000 in money with him when he left.

☞ There is living in the town of Frankford, near Utica, a man by the name of Harvey, who is 111 years of age. He is, and has been for about three-fourths of a century, a preacher of the gospel.

☞ It is stated that Bishop McCoskrey, of the Diocese of Michigan, is to discharge the Episcopal functions of the Diocese of New York, in consequence of the suspension of Bishop Onderdonk

☞ Louis Philippe completed his 72d year on the 6th ult. on which occasion there was a banquet at St. Cloud.

☞ Philip E. Thomas of Baltimore, and a member of the Society of Friends, has been adopted into the Seneca nation by the name of Sagosan (Benevolent Giver or Bountiful.)

☞ Dr. Douglas Houghton, State Geologist of Michigan, was drowned near Eagle River, Lake Superior, during a violent snow storm, on the night of the 13th ult.

☞ It is rumored that Charles Sumner will be offered the post of law professorship in the Cambridge law school, lately vacated by the death of Judge Story.

☞ Rev. Ephraim Peabody of New Bedford, has been invited to accept the pastoral charge of King's Chapel in Boston, with an annual salary of $3,000.

☞ A young lady of Ohio has left for England, to claim a legacy of £10,000 left her by a relative, leaving her heart with a young clerk in Cincinnati.

☞ The Petersburg Republican announces the death of the Rev. Andrew Syme, D. D., aged ninety-two years, the oldest clergyman in Virginia.

☞ A poor wheelwright in St. Mary's County, Md. has received $10,000 by the death of a relative in the West.

☞ President Polk was fifty years of age on last Sunday, the 2d day of November.

☞ The number of students in Yale College is 435.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ The City Council of Natchez have called a meeting of the citizens of that place, for the purpose of inviting an examination into the expediency of extending the great line of Atlantic Railroad, commencing at Charleston, S. C., and ending at Montgomery, Ala., so as to strike the Mississippi at Natchez. The immense trade and travel, says the Free Trader, "which will soon be setting towards Texas will make a project of this kind not only feasible but perfectly practicable, of great convenience to the public and profitable to the stockholders."

☞ The Charleston Patriot says—We purchased on Saturday last, in Market street, sweet oranges of good flavor, grown on James Island, opposite the city. They were the produce of sprouts of trees that were cut down by the severe frost that occurred but or twelve years ago; the last year they bore again for the first time, and the trees produced about ten thousand oranges. This year, we understand, the same trees will produce from forty to fifty thousand—another instance of what a little care and perseverance will accomplish."

☞ In the U. S. Circuit Court, at Albany, Robt. Evans, for embezzling letters from the Post Office at Spruce, Oneida county, N. Y., was sentenced to the State Prison for three years, at Auburn. Thomas W. Staats, for forwarding and presenting false affidavit for the purpose of drawing a pension in Saratoga county—and Thaddeus P. Haskell, for forging and counterfeiting the gold and silver coin of the United States, and passing the same—were sentenced to the State Prison for five years, at hard labor and a fine of six cents.

☞ Andrew P. Potter, convicted at New Haven of the murder of Lucius P. Osborne, has been sentenced to be hung on the third Monday of July next. The only motive for the murder was a desire to secure Osborne's watch. A meeting was deliberately planned by Potter, who professed to be his friend, and at the appointed place the murder was committed. An attempt was made to prove Potter insane, and the trifling nature of the temptation to crime was urged as a proof. It failed to have any effect upon the jury.

☞ Mr. Stevens launched his Iron Boat last week, from Hoboken. She is intended for the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and to run on the Delaware. She is larger than the Iron Witch, her length being two hundred and forty feet; thirty-one feet beam, and depth of hold ten feet six inches; across the guards she is sixty-three and a half, which gives an extraordinary breadth to her deck.

☞ The *Constitutional* states that a poacher who lives between Vaux and Villeurbanne, the road usually taken by sportsmen after quitting the marshes where the gentry of Lyons are in the habit of going in search of rail snipe, &c., has the following sign placed above his door "Game is here provided for unsuccessful sportsmen. The Constitutional adds that the poacher is perfectly satisfied with the patronage he receives.

☞ One of the New Bedford whalers has just completed her fourth successive and successful cruise after whales within eight years, and has brought home upwards of thirteen thousand barrels of oil. The crew consisted of thirty men, and during that time no spirits of any kind had been allowed on board as a beverage on any occasion, nor had any man died of disease, or been seriously sick.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

EIGHT DAYS LATER.

By the Caledonia, at Boston, we have Liverpool dates to the 10th of October—eight days later than that received by the Great Western. The intelligence represents matters very much in the attitude that the last news did.

There had been no improvement in the prospect of the harvest, and the trade in wheat has been active: not only the previously established advance has been maintained, but a further rise in prices has taken place at many of the markets.

There is a positive certainty that most serious injury has been done to the potato crop in extensive districts in the three kingdoms, as well as on the continent. All these causes have joined to raise prices considerably.

The Puseyite rupture with the Anglican Church has taken an important turn. Mr. Newman, and a batch of his friends, have at length formally seceded, and joined the Church of Rome. The event has not excited much surprise, for it has long been expected.

The dock-yards and naval arsenals of England exhibit extraordinary activity at the present moment. In many of the outports steam frigates of the largest class have been ordered by the Government to be ready at a fixed period, according to the contracts. All England is at peace with all the world: this excites much speculation. Some of the gossips suppose one thing and some another though many speak of preparations for claiming Oregon &c. We suspect that the more guesses that are made, the more will be the blunders.

The Dublin Evening Post gives a rumor in which the London papers remain silent—a circumstance, by the way, that rather strengthens than disproves it. The article states, in substance, that the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel have quarrelled—that the Duke is for blood-letting in Ireland—putting down the Repeal movement by the strong arm, and that from this course the Premier shrinks. Furthermore, it states that the Duke is for supporting Peel for repealing the Corn Laws; and to such a height has these disagreements rose, that both had tendered their resignations to the Queen, which were not accepted.

Little that is important has occurred in Ireland since the sailing of the Great Western. The meeting of the Repeal Association, on Monday last was similar to that of the previous one—dull and uninteresting. Mr. O'Connell being absent on his boating tour, Mr. John O'Connell was the orator of the day. His chief topic of discourse was the "Infidel College Bill."

CONTINENTAL.

The intelligence from France is not of much importance. The newspapers are still discussing the disastrous affair in Algiers. It seems that Abd-el-Kader has achieved another triumph over the French, and captured two hundred soldiers.

At the close of a desperate struggle in the west-ward of Algeria, two hundred of the French troops and among the number, five officers and forty Zouaves, surrounded on all sides by hosts of Arabs, and summoned to surrender as prisoners of war, laid down their arms. The intelligence of the defeat is official, and the recall of the Duke of Isly is expected.

The Constitutional states that the Prince de Joinville is to have a command in the approaching campaign, and that he is to cruise before Tardone and Mogadore to protect the subjects of France.

It is stated that a reinforcement of 10,000 men is to be sent to Africa.

The negotiations between the French and Belgian governments, relative to the renewal of the treaty of commerce between the two States, are going on with activity.

From Spain there is little intelligence. The treaty recognizing the independence of Chili has been published. Great numbers of the poor people are contemplating emigration to the United States. Many have already gone there, and some hundreds are going to Algiers.

The States of the Zollverein have separated without altering their present tariff—a result unexpected by all.

The new religion continues to excite attention. The King has had a squabble with the municipal authorities about it. They lectured him, and he lectured them, and each was highly dissatisfied with the other. Nothing new has been said about the constitution. From the neighboring kingdoms and states there is no news of importance. Saxony is still in a state of agitation.

The war between the Jesuits and the Radicals in Switzerland, continues as intense as ever; but luckily, instead of being carried on with swords, and pistols, and stout sticks it is fought out in the newspapers. The consequence is, that it does not do much harm. Accounts from Lucerne state that two captains in the army of that canton, named Barth and Ulmi, have been sentenced to death for the part they took against the government in the late rebellion, but it is supposed that the Grand Council will spare their lives.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia is much annoyed at the late affairs in Caucasus, so much the more as it was he himself who schemed and ordered the operations. The loss to the Russian army has been much more serious than represented.

COMMERCIAL.

In the Share market the work of speculation goes bravely on. The world has never witnessed any thing so reckless and fare-faced as the system of swindling and roguery on the one hand, and the imbecility and gullibility on the other, that stares one in the face at every turn.

The price of Corn is rising rapidly; and on this head we need do nothing more than allude to the ample details in our market returns. The weather lately has been most wretched, and even at the present moment large patches of uncut grain are exposed to the pelting of the elements in the north of England and in Scotland, while, as we have stated previously, the position of matters in Ireland is even worse.

Dump corn enhances the value of fine wheat, and those who possess the latter, calculating on a rise, evince no desire to part with it. The market is therefore scantily supplied, and improvement in the price is the result. As to the general yield of the harvest, the authorities differ, but it seems undeniable that the wheat crop will be under that of last year—though not to the extent that some alarmists would fain induce the world to believe.

At the Liverpool Corn Exchange on the 13th, a large business was done in bonded flour, from 25s. to 29s., and in Canadian from 34s. to 36s. 6d. and some extra fine marks 26s.; Canadian Wheat, of fine quality, sold freely at 5s. 6d. to 5s. 9d. per 70lb. No Wheat from the United States had then arrived.

The state of the trade in the manufacturing districts does not certainly give an indication of the existing feeling in the cotton markets. The trade is less brisk than it has been, but it can be accounted for without reference to the circumstances at which we have glanced, and exists irrespective of them. The yarn market is especially dull. Large quantities had been purchased for exportation to Germany, on the assumption that the Zollverein would have imposed a higher duty on cotton twist; but the Congress was brought to a close without that step.

The American Provision trade flourishes. The stock of Beef, Pork and Cheese is light, and the state of things in Ireland will have a tendency not only to improve prices, but to lessen competition. It seems a singular anomaly in this branch of trade, that the dealers are constantly complaining of the smallness of their stocks, and of the difficulty which they experience in executing the orders which pour in upon them.

The Money market shows symptoms of watering, and dark clouds which appear in the distance. During the last few days the price of Consols has declined one per cent., and the value of Money is higher. The Share market may on the whole be considered outstanding the fever we are speaking comparatively—of the bloodiest—be pronounced duller. Some of the shares have receded in value, and the price of almost every kind of scrip is lower.

The Iron trade is brisk—how could it be otherwise?—and there continues to be a greater demand than the trade can supply. The price of Iron, of late years has advanced enormously and, from the present aspect of matters, it seems likely to advance still higher.

Items of News.

☞ The amount of postage charged to the several Departments of Government during the quarter ending on the 30th of September, is officially stated at $47,272 14¢. Of this amount $36,472 79½ were charged to the Post Office Department. The Post Office sets a good example, being its own best customer.

☞ There arrived at Baltimore during the month of October, 1845.—From foreign ports 7 ships, 1 barque, 14 brigs, 10 schooners. Coastwise, 3 ships, 2 barques, 22 brigs, 81 schooners. Whole number 141—of these, 132 were American, 9 British, 5 Bremen.

☞ The stolen trunk of Messrs. Livingston & Welles, has been found in a swamp near Rochester, by a couple of boys. Most of the drafts and other papers of value remained in the trunk, but the money, except $30, had all been abstracted.

☞ The Brighton, Mass., Cattle Show, on Monday week, had, among other curiosities, three months oxen, weighing together, 10,000 pounds. They are severally known by the names of "Great Western," "Ontario," and "Seneca Chief."

☞ The corner stone of a Methodist Church was laid at Pottsville on Thursday week, the Rev. John Kennedy, D. D., of Wilmington, Del., officiating. This denomination of Christians is rapidly increasing.

☞ The English Language is composed of 1,000 Latin words, 1,321 French, 2,000 Saxon, 1,500 Greek, 600 Dutch, 220 Italian, 147 German, 114 Welsh, 83 Spanish, 81 Danish and 22 Arabic—in all together, 13,668.

☞ A vessel, a brigantine, called the "Marshall," and built in the reign of George II. has lately been loading iron ore at Barrow, England. This lady of the ocean will, consequently, be more than one hundred years old.

☞ Eleven boats, with a tonnage of 1,500 tons, at a cost of $115,500, were built at New Albany in the month of September. The largest was 300 tons burthen, and the smallest 75. The largest number ever built at New Albany in one month was 14, with a tonnage of 4,100, at a cost of $270,000, were built at Louisville.

☞ There is a block of fourteen houses near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, which contains 580 souls; it is said, averaging nine occupants to each house of room. They must have a nice time of it in the dog days.

☞ The Buffalo Commercial informs us that the number of acres of public lands sold, together with the amount of money received in Wisconsin, this year, is estimated at 300,000 acres and $400,000 revenue.

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☞ It has been decided by a Court in Georgetown D. C. that a corporation cannot sue for defamation of character. It is, therefore, now established that they are without character and without souls.

☞ A writer in an agricultural journal, condemns the use of blind bridles. Art never invented a more fatal thing to the eyes of horses. Blindness and diseased eyes are inseparable.

☞ In curing beef, a farmer of the West says—"I have used saleratus in place of saltpetre, and I never had better beef. The coarser saltpetre is universally detained, the better.

☞ Notwithstanding the dismal forebodings of some, says the Little Rock Spirit of the Age, the crops throughout Arkansas, are now understood to promise a fair average.

☞ The manufacture of blankets is about to be introduced in Tennessee, for the first time at Lebanon. The West will soon be full of manufactures of all kinds.

☞ It is said that the population of Boston will not vary much in round numbers from 115,000, which indicates a very handsome increase for the past five years.

☞ There have been built in Baltimore this season, including those commenced and not finished last year, between eighteen hundred and two thousand houses.

☞ The Hibernia left Boston for Liverpool on Saturday with sixty passengers and a large mail; over 4,000 letters were sent from the Post Office in this city.

☞ The receipts of the Treasury Department for the quarter ending Sept. 30th were $6,440,464 19; the expenditures, $8,463,092 41.

☞ Ship building in Newark, N. J., is becoming a flourishing business. Three new vessels are ordered to be built there.

☞ On Friday of last week, as a little child of Mr. George Adams, about three years of age, was playing in the yard of his dwelling, in the neighborhood of Blackwoodtown, Camden county, N. J., it was suddenly set upon, with great fury, by one of Mr. A's hogs, and before effectual assistance could be rendered, was literally torn to pieces, and immediately killed. An older sister, in attempting to rescue the child, was also seized by the hog, and had her arm seriously mangled.

☞ All the planets, save Mercury, are now above the horizon at seven o'clock, P. M., and four of them seen with the naked eye, not to be mistaken. Jupiter in the East, Mars in the South East, Saturn a few degrees West and nearer the zenith, and Venus in the South West. Herschell is at a point between Jupiter and Mars, but not distinguishable.

SCOTTRITE COUNTY.—The Pottsville Journal says, it is probable that more than $1,000,000 have been expended in that region during the past year in making improvements of various kinds. At least six hundred new houses, for miners, have been built, exclusive of those in the large towns.

Casualties.

☞ A child three years old, the son of a Mr. Isaias Eyre, of Delaware County, Pa., was walking backwards and came in contact with a pot containing boiling water, into which he fell, and was so dreadfully scalded that he died the following day.

☞ The starboard boilers of steamboat Persian, of New Orleans, exploded on Friday week as she had two ships in tow, carrying away her boiler deck and scalded eight persons, three fatally. They died soon after the accident.

☞ We learn, says the Louisville Journal of the 20th, ult., by the Batesville, that, at Paducah, on Saturday, while they were getting ready to launch the Jean of Ave, she slipped from the ways, and killed the mate and four hands.

☞ On the evening of the 21st ult. two dwelling houses, belonging to Noah Brown, two miles north of Edinburg, in Wayne County, New York, were consumed by fire, and two of his children were burnt to death.

☞ A son of Mr. Benjamin Hansford, of Williamsburg, Va., aged seventeen years, met his death last week, by the accidental discharge of his fowling piece

☞ Mr. L. Rousseau, of Natchitoches, La., was killed by lightning on the 24th ult.

Fires.

☞ On Thursday week a fire broke out in the large two-story wooden building on Davis street, Roxbury, Mass., owned by Messrs. John Webber & Son, and occupied as a spinning factory, in connection with their extensive rope and cordage manufactory, which was entirely consumed, with all its contents. The loss will be probably $25,000. A rope-walk of the Messrs. Webber was destroyed for the third time but a few months ago.

☞ The large brick mill, occupied for the manufacture of cotton goods by Charles Richmond, Esq. in Taunton, Mass., was destroyed by fire on Thursday week. The factory was insured for about $20,000, it is said, at Worcester. The insurance will not cover one half of the loss.

☞ A destructive fire took place at Eastport, Maine, on Wednesday week, destroying the whole of the block of wooden stores on Market wharf. The loss is estimated at about $12,000. They were insured to a considerable amount in New York.

☞ The extensive Saw mill of Mr. Carman, Esq. in Camden, was again destroyed by fire on Wednesday. Loss between $8,000 and $10,000.

☞ The Carrollton Railroad depot at New Orleans, was destroyed by fire on the 23d ult. Loss $15,000.

Army & Navy

☞ Two of our naval squadron, the Portsmouth and Levant, left Callao for the Sandwich Islands early in July. The Warren left the previous month for the same destination. The flag ship Savannah, Commodore Sloat, followed the Portsmouth, and Levant. The Commodore is now probably somewhere on the Mexican coast, with the vessels under his command.

☞ Lieut. J. R. Soley, of the 4th Regiment of U. S. Artillery, and aide-de-camp to Gen. Wool, died on Friday week, at Troy, N. Y., of disease of the brain. Lieut. Soley has been for some time a resident of that city. He was a fine young man, only 29 years of age, and was universally beloved and respected.

☞ Lieutenant Cost, of the Revenue Marine, has been promoted to a Captaincy, and placed in command of one of the new revenue steam vessels.

☞ The U. S. Frigate Congress went to sea from Hampton Roads on Thursday morning week.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1,000 shares Wilmington R. R.	20
100 do. Virginia Bank,	84
75 do. do.	84½
20 do. Kentucky Bank,	77
10 do. Schuylkill Bank	9½
25 do. do. Bank	9½
5 do. Chesapeake & Del. Canal Co.	30½
5 do. Pennsylvania Bank,	85½
$2,000 Penn. 5's, 1854,	75
$5,000 Penn. 5's, (5 July)	75
$8000 Texas Treasury Notes, bid	99
$7,000 Chesa. & Del. Canal 6's,	84
$1,000 Reading R. R. 6's, 5d,	68½
$4,000 Texas 6's,	31

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes—No sales, we quote pots $3.75. *Beef*—Quoted as scarce; we hear of a small sale of 1st No. 1 at $11½. *Coal*—Further sales of Aleyghany at 40c. *Coffee*—The market remains steady, and transactions comprise about 1000 bags Maracaibo at a price not public, and 900 bags Rio at 7½@7¾, 600 mos. *Cotton*—For the last three days the market has been very quiet, and prices hardly supported; the intelligence received from Liverpool is likely to create a further depression; although the stock on hand on the general time is unusually small, sales reach about 700 bales Uplands, Mobile and New Orleans at prices ranging from 9d@9¾ cts. on the usual terms. *Flour*—We hear of no change and no important sales. The home market for mackerel is rather dull at previous rates.—*Flour and Meal*—The market has been nearly steady, with sales of 2500@3000 bbls of flour, at $5.50 for mixed, and $5.62½@5.75 for selected and good brands, scraped $5.87, but since the receipt of the foreign news prices are very higher, and about 1000 bbls sold at $5.75@5.75 for fair brands; we quote the former as the closing price—Corn meal is in good demand, with sales of 400 bbls at $3. Rye flour scarce; small lots sell at $4. *Grain*—The demand for wheat has been only moderate since the close of the week, at prices varying from 113a115c for fair and good Jersey and Pa. reds, but the advices from England have stiffened the market, we now quote at 117a118c, a lot of choice white brought 120c. Rye in demand at 73 a75c for Pa., and 69a70c for southern. Corn—The market has been rather dull, sales of southern yellow 60 cts., and Pa. round 62½. Oats are lower, sales at 36a38c for good southern. *Hemp*—We notice a sale of 50 bales dew rotted at $240, 6 mos. *Iron*—The market very firm with sales of 600 tons Anthracite, to the extent of 12,000 tons have taken place, to arrive, at equal to $44 cash.—*Molasses*—Market continues dull and no sales of moment have transpired. *Naval Stores*—More active sales of spirits turpentine at 37c, and a cargo of common rosin at $1, tar is held more firmly; we quote at $2 12½ this week, with a moderate demand for sperm and whalesale of linseed in lots at 43c. *Plaster* scarce, last sales $2 12½@3.00. *Provisions* quiet, small sales of pork at $11.50 for mess, and $10.50 for prime. Bacon without demand, prices nominal. Lard—Firm, with sales of 800 kegs at 7½c. Butter sells at 11a12c for kegs and tubs, and 14a16 bbls. Cheese in request at 7½@8c. Rice—Small sales at 4½a5c for old and new crop. Salt—No arrivals. Seeds—Clover seed has been in demand, and sales of 800 bushels prime were reported at $5.75,$7 for the latter price—the market bare. Flaxseed is also better—one asking sales at 1.25a1.28c for domestic. Tallow—The market has been active and since the close of the week sales reach upwards of 1250 bbls New Orleans at 8½c, on the usual credit, and 100 bbls Saint Croix and Porto Rico on private terms. *Wood*—Further sales of American at full prices, partly for shipment—Hickory—We quote bbls 4 inch; and bbls sell at 20c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 5.—The offering comprised 1020 head of beef cattle, including 210 from Virginia; 200 drives to N. Y.; 400 cows, 300 swine, and 1300 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle are in fair demand at $4@6.50 per 100 lbs.—Cows—Sales of milch cows at $18a30, springers $10a18, and dry cows at $4a5 each.—Swine—Sales at $1.75a2.25 per 100 lbs.—Sheep and Lambs—Sales of sheep at $1 to 3, and lambs at $1.00 to 2.50 each, as to quality.

Brighton, near Boston, Oct. 27.—At market, 2275 beef cattle, 1400 stores, 20 yoke working oxen, 43 cows and calves, 3800 sheep and 1650 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Sales of extra $5.25, first quality $4.75, 2d $4a4.25.—Stores—We noticed yearlings taken at $7a9, two years old from $11 to 14. Barrelling Cattle—For mess $3.75, No 1 $3, prime. $2.75 was obtained for a few lots.—Working Oxen—Sales were made at $70, 174 and $81 two and three—Being very poor in quality, sales were as at $14, 17, 21, 40 and $41.50. Sheep—Sales were more spirited than last week; lots taken from $1.00 to 1.37½. Swine—About last week's prices were sustained for same quality; lots from 3 to 4, at retail from 4 to 5c.

Cincinnati, Oct. 31.—Beef Cattle—The supply has fallen off somewhat from that of the last week or two, but still a good supply number were in the yards on Monday, more than buyers and packers appeared disposed to purchase, as they took only 1140, and left 580 unsold. The prices ranged from $3 to 4.75 per 100 lbs; for a few

Selected Poetry.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day smile! that ope your eyes with morn, to twinkle
From rainbow gardens of earth's creation,
And dew drops on her lovely altar sprinkle
An o blation.

Ye tuneful worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the options sun, *God's loftiest eye*,
Throw from your chalices, sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright monitors! clad with storied beauty
The Rose of Nature's temple tenantless—
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms evince.

Numb clustered boughs each floral bell that swingeth
And tells its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer—

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most Catholic and solemn,
Which God built planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as her sweep,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves—its organ, thunder—
Its dome the sky!

There, to in solitude and shade, I wander
Through the lone aisle, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, I reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, oh, flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit—every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy, numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor
"Weep without we, and blush without crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
The human flower!"

In sweet scented pictures, Heavenly Artist,
With which Thou paintest Nature's wide spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, flowers! tho' made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hearty
For such a world of thought could furnish scope!
Each fading calyx a "memento mori,"
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Wave I, oh, God, in shureh less lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

Selected Tales.

SUPERSTITION;

Or, The Cat with Five Lives.

BY BROADDUS W. TWYMAN.

"His life began in woe, but closed in joy."—*Byron.*

Returning from morning prayers in one of our western colleges, (which at present shall be nameless,) I called at the post office to inquire if any letters had arrived for me in the last mail. There was none. I turned, and was about to pass on, when my attention was arrested by the sudden blaze of joy which seemed to light up the countenance of a young man, who had been remarkable, throughout the session, for his dejected and melancholy appearance and lonely habits.

"You must have good news there, Alfred," said I.

"Yes, Frank, by love' news of the best kind. was his reply.

"I am glad to see you in such fine humor to-day. come, walk down to my room. and as I spoke I took hold of his arm.

No, thank you. I must go and answer this letter, for it demands an immediate reply. was his response.

"Well, but do you suppose I have no paper and ink in my room? come, no excuse, you shall go, and as I said this, I started off, using a little force to get him along.

"Well, Frank I will go. and here you with a long account of my past life for I can trust you," answered he, at the same time falling into one of his gloomy reveries—but suddenly brightening up, he continued—and I want to ask your advice with me in my prospects for future happiness.

Wondering what he meant by this remark, I walked on in silence until we reached the hotel at which I boarded, stopping in the bar long enough for me to order some refreshments, we passed on to my room, upon entering which he immediately took a seat, drew the letter from his bosom and commenced a re-perusal of it. I said nothing until the servant had brought in the refreshments, with which he and I set to work.

"Alfred. that letter must be from one of the fair sex. else why did you lay it so close to your heart when you started down stairs?

Not from one, but about one. was his answer.

"Will you write now?" said I, handing him paper.

"No, let your paper be. I will wait until I return to my own room. And now, Frank, he continued, "having noticed for some time that you have a great anxiety to know the cause of my being so pensive and what makes me spend so much of my time alone, I will tell you. but in so doing will be compelled to refer to the days of my youth—those days during which I enjoyed the only happiness that I have ever experienced.

"I am the youngest of two children of wealthy respectable and influential parents. My sister is some three or four years older than I. Without saying anything of my infancy I will pass on to that period of my life at which I entered my seventh year of my age. My sister, about that time, commenced boarding on a small town, near which my father resided, for the purpose of attending a large female academy which was then conducted by the Rev. Mr. Parker—while I entered a school on the outskirts of my father's farm, and about a mile from the house.

A circumstance occurred about this time, which had a considerable bearing on the after and the succeeding portion of my life, and therefore I will relate it before I proceed further with my story. The black girl, who, when my sister was at home, acted the part of her waiting maid, and in fact nearly been my maid, —and (as all such generally are) was in the habit of speaking to me with more freedom than any other servant about the place.

Shortly after I commenced going to school, the daughter of one of our nearest neighbors also entered, and as chance would have it, was put into my class. Ellen Rainey was the name of this beautiful girl—for beautiful she was in the highest degree.

She was about my own age, had a fair clear complexion—a pair of the most brilliant, sparkling black eyes that ever was seen—glossy raven hair, and a form as exquisitely rounded as any upon which the admiring glance of a connoisseur ever rested.

Frank you may call it puppy love, or what you please, but I loved with all the ardor of which my young heart was capable, and never yet have I ceased to love her.

During my attendance at school I had often heard these students who were studying the classics describe the manner in which the ancient Romans sacrificed previous to engaging in battle; and so I conceived the notion of offering a sacrifice to the gods to induce them to favor me in my love for Ellen. Accordingly on the first Saturday, I tied my hand on an old cat which had often frightened me by coming into my chamber during the night. when I was afraid to get up and put her out. But instead of striking her with a flat stone. I contrived that she received the more elegant death of hanging. Taking her out behind the house, I hoisted her up, tied the rope to the limb of a tree hard by, and was proceeding to scratch her with a shovel of dirt, which I had carried along, that I might have the pleasure (pleasure Frank!) of seeing her kick. when Nancy (the black nurse of whom I spoke a moment since) having heard me laugh, came upon me.

"Good Lord! Mass Alfed. I hope you no gwine kill dat cat—why you nebber hab good luck gin in the world. Why cat got many lives and use at ever you kill dat cat you hab bad luck—bad luck all your life.

"How many lives has she, Nancy? asked.

"Five Mass Alfed, and you gwine hab five great misfortunes happen to you one by de.

Wicked and full of superstition as I was, her words made an impression on my mind, and I immediately cut poor puss down, but the vital spark was extinct, so there remained nothing, more for me to do so far as she was concerned, but to drag her off to the orchard and bury her—shall I say, Frank, with the honors of war?

That night I dreamt of old Tab, and a horrible dream it was. I recollect telling my parents whom I had awakened by screaming, that I had dreamt the old cat which I hung the morning before was scratching my eyes out. I remained on that school until I was sixteen, at which time I left my college, after having exchanged mutual vows of constancy with the she-eyed Ellen.

The morning on which I left home Nancy, the black girl must needs come to the door as I started away, and cry out. "Now Mass Alfed, you gwine out in the world, your bad luck gwine be gin, cause you hang old Tab."

"Oh, no, Nancy, I hope not" said I as I drove off.

I remained in college about eighteen months, pursuing the usual studies incumbent upon a regular freshman and sophomore when unexpectedly I was summoned home to witness the consummation of my sister's nuptials. She was to be married to the young lawyer Charles Strawbridge, who had lately settled in the town to which she had attended the academy. I embraced this opportunity of seeing home and homefolks. with the greatest imaginable pleasure. I started forthwith, and arrived there the day before the marriage was to take place. My sister met me at the gate with an "Oh, Alfred! I am so glad to see you—good gracious, how you have grown—why you will soon want to marry, yourself—and if you do, I have brought the very girl for you.

"Who is she?" said I.

"Sarah Hunter:— She is the prettiest girl you have ever seen; oh! I know you will love her, Alfred."

I walked in, and after undergoing the usual embrace of my mother, and the "well, and how are you, my boy?" of my father, retired to my room to dress.

At supper I was introduced to Miss Hunter, who, owing to the fact that she was to be bridesmaid, was spending a few days with my sister previous to the wedding, for the purpose of making the necessary preparations. She was the very antipodes (if I may so speak,) of Miss Rainey. A tall and slender form, deep blue eyes, a mild white and golden hair secured to her the appellation of the "white lady."

Her father had been wealthy, but owing to bad management had lost most of his property and was now what some folks call "broken down quality," having lost his wife, and three out of four children, (who knows Frank but that he killed a cat in his young days,) he indulged Sarah in every extravagance of which his circumstances would admit. During the evening, while my father was relating the circumstance of old Tab's death, I turned to Nancy, who stood near me, and said,

"Well, Nancy, no bad luck yet!"

"Nebber mind. Mass Alfed," said she, "you done come home now, your bad luck gwine begin."

I said nothing, but walked into the porch, where she followed me, saying, "Your bad luck done begin Mass Alfed, cause I see your two mare quarreling long dat Miss Sary Hunter you gwine forgit Miss Ellen Rainey. Ah! Mass Alfed, I need her dis morning, she asked me was you coming home to de weddin. and den want to know if you ebber write to your ma and sister.

"How thunderstruck I was! In the sneering and visiting and the other things attendant upon a student's life, I had written to Ellen but once, and she, I thought, would never forgive me for it. But how vastly I was mistaken! When I called the next morning she merely said, "that she supposed I was busy with my studies, and that she could hardly expect me to write when she had refused to answer my letters; and that she had done because she thought it imprudent in a young lady to correspond with a gentleman." She forgave me, and we entered into a positive engagement to marry as soon as I left college; but she could not be induced to consent to correspond with me.

When I returned home I was immediately attacked by Miss Hunter and my sister, with having forsaken them, to call upon the rustic fair one, Miss Nelly Rainey, and I was good enough to be ashamed of it; so much so that at night, when the company assembled I avoided her, and attached myself almost exclusively to Sarah Hunter, for fear of a repetition of the morning scene.

I saw my sister married, and felt that in being united to Mr. Grandison she had secured to herself a man in every way worthy of her, and to me a warm friend and brother. Thus far I was happy; but when I retired for the night and reflected how I had neglected Ellen, my conscience smote me, and then did I feel that one of the misfortunes foretold by Nancy had come upon me when I became acquainted with Sarah Hunter, for her bland and captivating manners soon banished all such thoughts from my mind; and when I was about returning to college she, so far from being as scrupulous as Ellen, came forward and requested me to correspond with her—saying, "that nothing would afford her so much pleasure as the reception of a letter from the brother of her dear friend Mrs. Grandison."

I resumed my studies under a great depression of spirits, but it was soon worn off by the letters of my sister, in which she spoke in the most rapturous terms of her happiness. all of which she attributed to the kindness of her husband, and the company of her friend Sarah, who spent the most of her time with her. Corresponding regularly with Sarah, I was constantly thinking of her, and finally persuaded by her very warm expressions of friendship, and the earnest solicitations of my sister, whose anxiety to see her brother well married induced her to urge the claims of Miss Hunter upon me,—I finally broached the subject in one of my letters to Sarah, to which I received an immediate response, with the warmest assurances of reciprocated love and an acceptance of my addresses. The consequence of which was a letter from me to my father, requesting leave to obtain a dismissal from college forthwith and return home, for you know, Frank, that whenever a man feels that he is doing wrong, he is always in a most prodigious hurry to get through with it. He was violently opposed to it and after persuading and finding that it did no good finally commanded me to remain where I was until I had finished my course. In two days after the reception of that letter, I received one from Mr. Grandison, my brother-in-law, requiring my presence at home immediately to see my father die, as he had been thrown from his horse and so badly wounded that there were no hopes entertained of his recovery. I arrived just in time to receive his last breath, and witness the heart-breaking anguish of my mother and sister. After his burial, my mother was very anxious that I should leave college and live with her. I accordingly returned, obtained a dismissal and departed with all my books and clothing. Being now in the nineteenth year of my age I commenced studying law with Mr. Grandison, for the purpose of becoming a Lyceum, which the young men of the town in which he lived had formed. Recollect Frank, that at this time I was engaged to both Ellen Rainey and Sarah Hunter.

Returning from boarding after one of our debates, I fell in with Ellen Rainey, passing from a neighbor's house to her father's. She had heard of my success at Sarah Hunter, and consequently there was a mutual embarrassment when we met.

Miss Ellen," said I, (and my conscience smote me when I called her Miss for I had always called her Elly,) "do you recollect a conversation which passed between us the morning of the day on which my sister was married?

I do. was her reply.

Then you recollect that we engaged ourselves to be married.

Yes.

Owing to some circumstances, of which I presume you are aware, I think it proper for that engagement to be broken and forgotten by both of us. was my rejoinder.

If it is your desire Alfred, it shall certainly be so, was her mild reply.

Frank, I loved her at that moment better than any human being in existence—*but I had added a new and sparkling gem to my friend*, and that beside with Ellen I call the third great misfortune which was to happen to me, as foretold by Nancy.

After my father had been dead about six months I was married to Sarah Hunter, being at the time about nineteen years of age. She was eighteen. At the wedding I saw Ellen, she advanced with trepidation to congratulate us, and I could see her lips quiver as she spoke, but she soon recovered herself, and then turned and left us. On the next day we went to a party at my mother's, and there I again met with Nancy.

Attended Mass Alfed, and so you wouldn't marry Miss Ellen Rainey?

May be she would not have had me if I had asked her Nancy.

Don't tell me dat. I know you loved her, and she loved you, and she loves you yet, don't I know how she looked when I went over dar to carry her ticket to de party?

After the company had dispersed, and we all had retired for the night, I was awoke and disturb us but Nancy, poking her head in the door to know "if we wanted anything." We did not, but scarcely had she gone, when we heard a cat in the room. always believed that the spirit of the cat, or, when she came to the door. I got up and kicked it out. The next morning, the first thing Nancy said, when I went down was—

Well, Mass Alfed, I told you when you hanged old Tab you was gwine have five great misfortunes happen to you fore you die. You done had four, but the next one gwine be de greatest of all, cause he de nebber to be forgotten. Nancy was correct in her prediction, for the next misfortune was the loss of my heart. Sarah, my wife, was a most prodigious hurry to get through with it. He was violently opposed to it and after persuading and finding that it did no good finally commanded me to remain where I was until I had finished my course. In two days after the reception of that letter, I received one from Mr. Grandison, my brother-in-law, requiring my presence at home immediately to see my father die, as he had been thrown from his horse and so badly wounded that there were no hopes entertained of his recovery. I arrived just in time to receive his last breath, and witness the heart-breaking anguish of my mother and sister. After his burial, my mother was very anxious that I should leave college and live with her. I accordingly returned, obtained a dismissal and departed with all my books and clothing. Being now in the nineteenth year of my age I commenced studying law with Mr. Grandison, for the purpose of becoming a Lyceum which the young men of the town in which he lived had formed. Recollect Frank, that at this time I was engaged to both Ellen Rainey and Sarah Hunter.

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